

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorials - - - - - 114
When Father was a Boy - - 114-115
The Hierarchy's Tribute - - 115-116
Mr. Woo's Ambition - - - 117

The Field - - - - - 118-120
Fr. Cothonay's Latest Letter 120
Chinese Characters in English 120
The Imp - - - - - 121-123

Summer on the Knoll - - - 123-124
Burses and Benefactors - - 124-125
Willie and the F. A. - - - 125
Drumming up Trade - - - 126-127



A SUMMER PASTIME IN THE FIJI ISLANDS.

(Photo sent by Fr. Guinard.)



THE FIELD AFAR

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OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY:

MARYKNOLL: OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh.

Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

A CORRESPONDENT in San Francisco, who has been watching closely the Fair exhibits, regrets that Catholic missions are so meagrely represented. We regret this, too, and we ask—Whose fault is it?

Would space have been provided? Undoubtedly. Could a striking exhibit of photographs, handiwork, etc. have been made? Surely. Would Catholic statistics have proved interesting? Not only interesting, but edifying and valuable.

Then why are not Catholic missions better represented? Perhaps the simplest answer is that the few more or less united mission agencies in this country are so busy trying to inoculate American Catholics with the foreign mission idea, that no one of them ever thought of an exhibit for all classes at the Fair.

And yet Catholic activities are often best promoted, even among Catholics, only after winning the admiration of non-Catholics. A Catholic mission exhibit at the Fair would, we believe, have produced good results.

You can help us to train a priest for the Apostolate. Look at the Foundation List on page 124.

THE Los Angeles *Tidings*, in a recent issue, commented editorially on Catholic missions. We quote in part as follows:

The sums of money gathered in this country for the maintenance of non-Catholic missions abroad, have been a source of perennial wonder and, it might be added, of reproach, to the inactivity of Catholics in the same regard. It is, therefore, a high tribute to the apostolic zeal of Catholic missionaries, that they have been able to accomplish so much in neglected portions of the Lord's vineyard, when one considers how slender are their resources and how few, in the worldly sense, their consolations.

The loss of receipts due to the war in Europe is very large and the increased contributions of American Catholics have not by any means made up for it. France, even in her days of religious misfortune, was the largest contributor, but the war has almost closed this source of revenue. The fact that our country is at peace and the further fact that its Catholic people enjoy a fair share of this world's goods, are reasons to be urged for a more generous support of Catholic missionary endeavor.

+ +

WHEN father was a boy, the missionary idea was hazy in the United States, though Europe had pretty well realized the need of preaching the faith to pagan nations. China was only just opening her eyes and gates to the great influence of the civilized

West; Africa was hardly known to us; Japan was simply a group of islands in the Pacific; India, of all the nations to which we give the name of foreign missions, was the most Europeanized.

It was not father's fault that he could not go to the East. At home we were hardly settled down after our Civil War. The cost of things was high and father struggled manfully to help pay the debt on the few churches that had been built. Priests were scarce and schools were rare, and many a suffering was undergone to get the necessities of religion. All father could do for foreign missions was to utter a little prayer and give an occasional dime—men were needed at home.

But now, thank God, that day is past. Our father's sons have not only the necessities of religion but all its comforts, too. Our father's weekly mite has built the parochial schools and given us a godly education; his special contributions have raised up spacious churches befitting the Presence of God; his cheerful sacrifices have sent our older brothers to the seminaries and have filled our rectories, so that now we can go to the early Masses while father rests till the later ones at ten or eleven o'clock.

These are luxuries our father did not have as a boy, though we take them as a matter of course. He had to suffer for Christ and he was all the manlier for it. He used the strength that Confirmation gave him, in helping on the Church, and though he labored exclusively for the Church at home, he had good reasons for it. He saw the lack of harvesters abroad, but the Church at home was then a weakly plant that needed propping. He had hard work enough in appeasing his own hunger for the truths of God, without sharing his scanty fare with others. Men were strong and self-sacrificing when father was a boy.

Have we the same excuse as

he? Are we suffering any inconveniences at all for our faith? Shall we not advance God's work as did our fathers—not now at home, but in the Eastern fields? They have sore need of help in Asia. It is true, since father was a boy, four million heathen have been Christianized in Asia and Africa, but that was done by Europeans, by men who could easily be spared at home, where Christianity flourished. And there are still two-thirds of all God's children left to grope their way like blind men for the want of some one to show them the truth.

Europe now, though willing, cannot help them. She is in the throes of war and at its close will find herself as we were at the finish of the Civil War—bleeding, starved, untaught, demoralized, unfit to begin the process of reconstruction, much less to send her men to heathendom.

Now is the time of salvation for many a heathen if we fill the breach that will otherwise be left vacant; now is the time of loss to innumerable souls if we do not aid them. Now is the time to show that we have some of father's grit, that his slaving for us has not made us spineless, that we, too, can do for God such things as were done when father was a boy.

While on vacation, talk up Maryknoll. You will meet persons who have never heard of it. Make them feel that they have been missing a real Catholic influence.

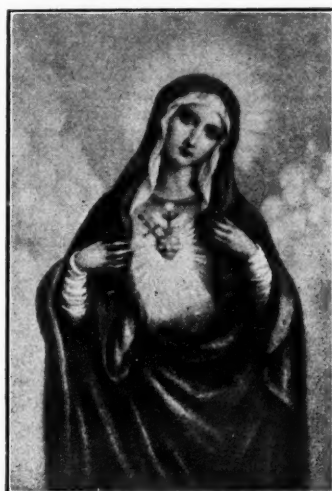
The Hierarchy's Tribute.

From the very beginning I have taken the keenest interest in the growth and development of your Society. Such works have always to start with the humility and poverty of Bethlehem. Thanks to God, your Society and your Seminary have grown to a pretty healthy and strong youth. May God soon lead hundreds of young men to you!

Sincerely yours,

✠VINCENT WEHRLE, O.S.B.,
Bishop of Bismarck.

I rejoiced when you started your Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary at



Mother of Missions, intercede for the millions who know not Christ.

Maryknoll, and I am happy to learn of the uninterrupted progress the institution is making. Your nursery of missionaries will soon supply a larger field than you dreamt of when you first planned to raise future apostles in this new garden of the Church. God bless your labors and may He give increase to what you have planted and watered!

With best wishes for your success,
I am

Faithfully yours in J. C.,

✠H. GABRIELS,
Bishop of Ogdensburg.

Maryknoll is a blessing to our country. I thank God that His Providence has favored us with it. Grace will kindle in our American Catholic youth the ambition to emulate the zeal of our missionary saints, thus proving that the Master of the Vineyard can and

will scatter the stamen of the Foreign Apostolate where and when He will, regardless of the difference of race and country. It is God's work. I congratulate you on being chosen to watch over its growth.

Yours sincerely in Christ Jesus,

✠PAUL J. NUSSBAUM,
Bishop of Corpus Christi, Texas.

You have every reason to be proud of the results of the four years since Cardinal Gotti bade you take up the work for Foreign Missions. It is God's work and must have God's blessing.

Like every other work for Him, it has had trials and difficulties. Why should we wonder, when we recall the words of Our Blessed Lord, foretelling hatred and persecution as the heritage of those who started out on the first Foreign Mission?

May God bless and prosper yet more your labors!

Very sincerely yours in Xto.,

✠BENJ. J. KEILEY,
Bishop of Savannah.

The notice of the work that you are doing, is brought home to me with great force. I assure you, I am very much interested, and especially pleased with your success.

My attitude towards your zealous efforts is shown by the fact that this fall one of my seminarians, who both in conduct and in talents is among the best at Mt. St. Mary's (Ellenora, Ohio), joins your band of missionaries. He goes with a Godspeed from me, though I can ill afford to lose him.

Wishing you all blessings and success in your noble field, I remain

Sincerely yours in Xto.,
✠HENRY MOELLER,
Archbishop of Cincinnati.

I have watched with great interest the establishment of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America and I wish to extend to you my most sincere congratulations upon its success. It contributes its share to the great

St. Augustine, Fla. June 24 1915
Reverend Father Walsh
Mining, N.Y.
Be good enough to write me down as being in thorough sympathy with the foundation and work of the Foreign Mission College. The establishment of such a College is the best proof of the present splendid status of the Church in the United States, and I am persuaded that the American missionaries will not only do great work for Almighty God in foreign fields, but also will bring down Heaven's choicest blessings in the Church in America. Very truly
Yours,
J. M. Curley

work of the foreign missions, thus paying back some of the debt which we owe to the missionaries through whose labors the Church has been established in our own country. It is certainly a splendid expression of unselfishness and is worthy of every encouragement.

You have our prayers and we stand ready in every way possible to further the noble undertaking in which you are so zealously engaged.

With best wishes, I am

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

✠ THOMAS J. CONATY,
Bishop of Los Angeles.

I notice that the foundations have been well laid and that as the years go by, you may hope to reap harvest after harvest, the one fuller than the other. We in this country should indeed take our part in the foreign mission effort of the Church, for assuredly the Church in America owes more than words can tell to the foreign mission enterprise of other nations. It is eminently fitting that we should send out from our young Church apostles to carry the Bread of Life to the peoples that sit in darkness.

Please accept my assurances of deep interest in your work and of readiness to co-operate with you in furthering the cause you have at heart, and believe me

Ever devotedly in Xt.,

✠ EDWARD J. HANNA,
Archbishop of San Francisco.

I read with pleasure your account of the progress made at Maryknoll. Your work is truly a holy one and commends itself easily to every Catholic heart that understands the true nature of the Church and the grave burden which lies upon every disciple of Jesus Christ to spread His holy Gospel and increase the limits of His Kingdom, especially in the vast outlying moral darkness from which we have ourselves been saved by apostles filled with the charity of Jesus Christ.

You must not be discouraged nor falter in the way. Divine Providence will surely bring you subjects, open up fields of labor, and encourage generous Catholic souls to furnish the material help that you need.

With many good wishes, I remain
Very sincerely yours in Xto.,

✠ THOMAS J. SHAHAN,
Rector of the Catholic University.

On this feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, which marks the fourth anniversary of the inception of your work in the establishment of a National Seminary for Foreign Missions, I wish to express to you the deep concern and lively interest that I have always taken in your glorious and apostolic undertaking. I have followed each step

from the beginning and it is a great source of pleasure and gratification to know that the work is now so successfully progressing as to have twenty-one students already enrolled and that the happy event is near when we shall see the first missionaries of America going forth from this National Seminary to labor in foreign fields. With all my heart I wish you God's richest blessings, and I pray that He may spare you many years to carry to complete success this apostolic mission so dear to every Catholic heart.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

✠ JOSEPH G. ANDERSON,
Auxiliary Bishop of Boston.

* * Note and Comment.

"It is bracing, to say the least," writes a man from Missouri about THE FIELD AFAR. If it braces a man from the West, it ought to be helpful to those in the less breezy East.

Some two hundred copies of THE FIELD AFAR were sent by request to the book exhibit held by the Catholic Federation of the Grand Rapids Diocese at its annual convention.

The Chinese Catholic Mission in Boston is evidently thriving. We read that there is an average attendance of ninety and that the Chinese recently presented their retiring Director with a purse of gold.

"Valerian," in the *Brooklyn Tablet*, who writes what he thinks and thinks what is good, thus expresses a common experience:

The best givers to the poor are the poor. The best supporters of the Church are the poor. The best witnesses for the divinity of the Church are the poor. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Bishop Biermans, of the Upper Nile, who sailed from this country a few days after conferring Orders at Maryknoll, reached England in safety. In a letter written soon after his arrival, he says:

The captain told me privately that two submarines were not far from us just before we entered the Mersey. Hence I suppose the Stars and Stripes

saved us. There was a lot of excitement, especially during the last days. Life-boats and rafts were all kept in readiness and a good many stayed on deck the last two nights, with their life-belts at hand.

I had some bother with my passport, and was not allowed to go ashore the night we arrived. The next morning, however, I was brought to the Dutch consul. I had to have my photograph taken and attached to the passport. Several of the passengers experienced the same difficulty.

* * From 'the Doctor.'

IN the big Archdiocese of Madras, India, there are just three dispensaries. These are in charge of European nuns and two of them, in which the Sisters are certified nurses, are in a flourishing condition, boasting of a daily attendance of over a hundred patients each. Medicines are distributed gratis and good results are obtained for the welfare of both soul and body.

At the request of the Government, the European Sisters have also taken charge of two hospitals. They do the nursing and look after the establishments according to the Doctor's orders. Five Sisters are set apart for this work.

It is the hope of Archbishop Aelen to secure funds for the training of native Sisters or good Christian girls as nurses, for obviously *native* nurses, when guided by European Sisters, could do a wonderful amount of good. Another need is that of a *lady doctor*, who, the Archbishop writes, "would be the greatest possible acquisition for the missionary work." And he adds, "Is it not a pity that while Protestant denominations have a good many, we have not a single one?"

FIFTY DOLLARS will secure a Perpetual Associate Membership, applicable to the living or to the dead.

Mr. Woo's Ambition.

MR. LAWRENCE WOO called at Maryknoll recently, in company with his twelve-year-old daughter Lucy, and thereby hangs a tale,—if not a queue.

Mr. Woo, as some of our readers know, is the Catholic Chinese catechist engaged and supported by His Eminence Cardinal Farley, to promote our holy faith among the Chinese residents of the New York Archdiocese. He is, the grandson of a mandarin—an official of high rank in China—and was, we understand, born a Catholic. He is very intelligent, well educated, and keenly alive to conditions in his own country, as also to the opportunities now offered American Catholics to win the Chinese to the true faith. We listened to him with interest and—we must confess it—with a sense of helplessness that approached pain.

Our friend comes from Canton, in the very south of China, where nearly all the Chinese laboring in the United States have their homes. An imposing cathedral is there, well attended by some thousands of Catholics, among whom hundreds go to Mass daily. These Catholics are all poor and uneducated, a condition which will not harm their souls and may mean their salvation, *but*—and here is the point—*China is changing*.

People over there have caught the republican spirit and are working through successive revolutions to establish on a firm basis such a government as we of the United States possess. The young generation will not use its father's spectacles and with new opportunities for advancement, many of the poor are seeking a higher education.

Mr. Woo tells us that in Canton there is no higher education provided by Catholics and that any

boys who wish such advantages, must present themselves at non-Catholic schools. He dreams of a high school and college where Catholic—and even pagan—youths may be instructed by men whose motives in life are based on the purest desire to promote the cause of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Woo realizes this need as no one who has not been in China can appreciate it, but what can he do to meet it? Very little. He understands English well and can make himself understood, but with the stolidity of the Mongol, he is hardly inspiring. The work would call for a little body of men, priests or teaching brothers, who could assure its permanence. It would also demand, even at the outset, a substantial money backing. Mr. Woo has no money, no organ to make known his need, no clientele.

A rather hopeless outlook, we must admit, but God may yet show the way. Perhaps some teaching order of priests or brothers in this country would be willing to spare a few men for higher education in China. This would be a charity which ought to react upon their own life at home. We believe, too, that a Catholic school in such a city as Canton would before long be self-supporting, as are some of the schools conducted by Brothers of Mary in Japan.

JUST DE BRETENIÈRES (Bret-on-yair)

This Life, prepared by
Monsignor Dunn, has
been added to the Mary-
knoll publications and
is selling for only

Fifty Cents.

Postage ten cents extra.

Address: The Field Afar
Ossining New York

And what about little Lucy?

Lucy Woo is just twelve, thank you. She has been for the past year a pupil at the Mallinckrodt Convent School in Wilkes-Barre, where she has been picking up English and French, among other accomplishments. Lucy shares her father's ambitions, and if the chance comes, she will go to college, a Catholic college by preference.

Now, you Catholic colleges for women, here is an opportunity to show your Catholic spirit and to prepare the way for a branch of your work in China. Which of you will take Lucy when she shall be ready?

* *

Subscribers can benefit themselves spiritually and the Foreign Mission Seminary materially, by adding fifty cents to an Ordinary Subscription and thus becoming Associates in our work. Many have already done this.



THE DESK OUTFIT OF A CHINESE SECRETARY.
(Cut sent by Fr. Arcand, Chefoo.)



WE owe acknowledgment for letters received from the following missionaries:

CHINA—

Bishop Fatiguet, Kiukiang; Bishop Faveau, Hangchow; Fr. Davrout, Sien Hsien; Fr. Lebbe, Tientsin; Fr. Doutreligne, Hin-y-fou; Fr. Brizzo, Hankow; Sr. O'Sullivan, Shanghai.

INDIA—

Bishop Benziger, Quilon; Fr. Bastide, Wandivash.

INDO-CHINA—

Fr. Asseray, Kontum.

JAPAN—

Fr. Bulteau, Kumamoto; Fr. Raoult, Hitoyoshi.

MALESIA—

Fr. Haidegger, Kuching.

OCEANIA—

Bishop Douceré, New Hebrides.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—

Bishop Hurth, Nueva Segovia.

We acknowledge letters and photographs from:

CHINA—

Fr. Maignaud, Tei-an-hien.

INDO-CHINA—

Very Rev. Fr. Cothonay, Lang-Son.

JAPAN AND KOREA—

Bishop Berlioz, Sendai; Fr. Ferrand, Fusan; Bro. J. Gallerey, Urakami.

OCEANIA—

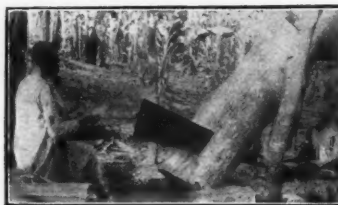
Bro. Joseph Dutton, Molokai.

Brother Joseph Dutton—still alive, in spite of all reports to the contrary—writes from the leper settlement at Molokai:

You note my oversight in not dying lately. Well, I have not been trying to die, but a week or so ago a jolly collapse came on—"just growed"—and my head—this one I have now—struck the nice, soft ground. At sundown I had stepped out to lower the flag in front of the office, and when two Brothers found me, I was looking fit to be rolled up in the flag and boxed. Another son down!

You see, it was this way. Our regular time for la grippe had come—same as usual since 1891. That first year fifty-five of our people died, chiefly old, weak cases, but since then it has been rather mild until this year, when it was extremely severe. We did not have so many deaths, perhaps because of far better hospital advantages, but the attacks lasted a long time. In three months the settlement had about four hundred cases.

IN THE AFRICAN WILDS.



PREPARING FOR A NEW CHURCH.

(Photo sent by Fr. Kerkhaff.)

IT is good to get such 'war-news' as this which comes from Fr. Kerkhaff:

We know that there is war in the material line, but there is also war out here in the spiritual line and I can assure you, the devil is losing hand over fist. In the last six months we had 334 baptisms, 12,605 confessions, 21,564 Communion, and 37 marriages. Such a record has never been equaled in the eighteen years that this mission has been established.

I am trying to build a church. It is a slow task, as you can see by this photograph. The wood has to be cut by hand and four board-cutters, if they are 'smart' at it, can manage to cut up but one ordinary tree in a month. This is considered very good work.

Fr. Hurkmans, who is in charge of a school with an imposing title—"Ngora Agricultural School for Chiefs' Sons"—wishes to secure some seeds of American plants, trees, etc. If any of our readers are interested, we shall be glad to send them Fr. Hurkmans' address.

Here is a list of wants from Mother Kevin, in Nsambya. It is not long and it is modest, as you will admit, even for a hospital in British East Africa:

Bandage Scissors;
Dressing Forceps;
Ear Syringes;
Gauze Dressings;
Scalpels;
Dental Forceps;
Applicators;
Rubber Sheeting;
Eye-wash Glasses.

If you can supply from the Doctor's cabinet or elsewhere, write to us, but do not send the articles until directed.

INDIA AND CEYLON.

WE are glad to hear from Bishop Benziger, of Quilon, that his native seminary is beginning to bear fruit. Within a year it has furnished him with seven new priests.

Bishop Joulain, of Jaffna, Ceylon, writes us an encouraging word for ourselves and tells us a bit of war news which for him is not so encouraging:

I am delighted to see that your work is attracting attention. We may say that it has been willed by God purposely for the awful times in which we are living. You may be certain that His blessing will be upon it and that it will develop in a wonderful manner. Our most fervent prayers are directed to this intention.

There are six German missionaries in a camp here, all prisoners of war and guarded by British soldiers. They cost me a good deal, as I am obliged to provide them with many things of which they would otherwise be deprived. The expense has been about a hundred dollars a month so far and they have been interned since last October. Can you blame me for wondering how long they will remain?

That Protestant America is well-known in India, may be seen from this letter, written to us by Fr. Kroot, of the Madras Archdiocese:

I am so anxious to hear that your first batch of apostolic men is starting out to sow the good seed. America true must compete with America false; America Catholic will be able to cope with America heretic. O the dollar, the dollar, see what it does! We cannot help being sad when we behold thousands of poor, ignorant people thus led into heresy.

In a few months my new church will, I hope, be completed. Then I shall have to engage the services of a good catechist, if I can find him and the money to keep him. What a pity we cannot get a few angels to do that work for us! They wouldn't require food and raiment and a house and what not.

I want the tower-niche in my church to be occupied by the beautiful Little Teresa, the Flower of Jesus. If you know of anybody who wishes to place her there, send him over. I will close a bargain with him as profitable to the donor as Little Teresa and I can make it. She is to be about five feet high,

and her dress may be of any stone or metal that is proof against sun and rain.

Fr. Alfred Huctin, in Ceylon, had this word to say about the war and his needs, before he left his mission for the front:

You will not be surprised to hear that the terrible war is having its effect even here.

The practice of frequent Communion had put new life into our Christians and all our priests were saying, "We are too few; more missionaries must come." But instead of that—two Fathers have just died, a third has been obliged to leave us, a fourth, advanced in years, has become absolutely incapable of managing a mission, and, to cap the climax, six of our missionaries, German subjects, are held by the government as prisoners of war. The result is that each priest has to do the work of two.

Would it be presumption if I should tell you what I need? Perhaps you will think it strange that a missionary should want a bicycle, but in order to facilitate my journeys to different mission-stations, I had planned to buy one. Little by little I had managed to get together a part of the sum required—and then came the war. I can expect nothing more from France, but I have not given up hope, for I really believe that the bicycle would be a great help in my ministry.

Good Fr. Seyres, over in India, is inclined to think that there is something wrong with the world. At all events, he is sure that he is getting some pretty hard knocks. He tells his story with a smile, however, and it is worth reading. He writes:

My foster-mother, the French Society for the Propagation of the Faith, intimates with deep regret that she will be unable to provide for my daily bread until the end of a certain "moratorium," which, in the opinion of well-informed men, may still last for a few years.

Following suit, my beloved Bishop, usually so kind and obliging, writes to say that he can no longer supply me with Mass stipends, on account, I presume, of some "stopporatorium."

So far this sounds very bad, doesn't it? But the worst of it all is that there is no one here to sympathize with me and lend a friendly hand.

My 'boy,' a lad of twelve years, insists on drawing his monthly dollar for boiling my rice and eating half of

it for me. My catechist and my three teachers, not to mention the 'dhoby' and other menial officials, all clamor for their shares. I explain to them the "moratorium," but with no results. They threaten to go on a strike.

The headmen of several villages come to say that they are ready to continue the building of their chapels and are only waiting for me. I represent that in consequence of the "moratorium," my coffer is drained and that the completion of their chapels must be put off till better times. They stare at me and don't understand.

My old friend, the Inspector of Schools, reminds me that it is now



RT. REV. A. FAISSANDIER, S.J.,
Bishop of Trichinopoly, India.

three years since I promised to provide decent buildings for my two schools. He deplores my failure to do so and regrets that he will have to withdraw the government aid. To him also, I mention the "moratorium." As an educated man, I hope he will understand; as a Christian, though Protestant, he may even sympathize and extend to my schools another year's mercy.

Then there is my tenant. Mind, I am a landlord, with an income of ten dollars a year. Well, my tenant's errand is to inform me that he cannot pay his ten dollars this year.

"My lord," says he, "my field—I beg your pardon—*your* field was planted with ground nuts. These nuts used to be shipped to Europe, to be turned into candles, soap, etc. It so happens that this year the mills of Europe are all closed and there is no demand for ground nuts.

A MODERN MARTYR
sells for fifty cents.
Postage ten cents extra.

An American Missionary in Alaska

(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

Price 50 cts. Postage 12 cts. extra.

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Ossining New York

The Field Afar will be sent
for one year to any one address:

10 copies (12 issues) for \$4.00	
25 " " " 10.00	
50 " " " 20.00	
100 " " " 40.00	

"The mills closed! Why?"

"War, my lord." And he adds, by way of explanation: "Europe had of late become very rich and in her race for material prosperity had thoroughly overlooked the things of eternity. She had even forsaken God and substituted the worship of Lord Gold, Lady Reason, and their offspring, little Pleasure. God in His ire commissioned the scourge of war to destroy the temples of these new, false gods, and to turn Lord Gold into powder and smoke, Lady Reason into madness, and little Pleasure into bitter sorrow, that thus the rightful Lord might be restored to His Kingdom."

I am filled with sorrow, not that the Kingdom of God should be restored, but that Europe, my dear native land, should have deserved the scourge of war, and that so many innocent people, worshippers of the true God and ardent supporters of the work for the extension of His kingdom in the field afar, should have to suffer the war penalty in common with their guilty brethren. This, however, appears to be the unavoidable working of a law of solidarity.

I am glad that America is, on this occasion, no part of Europe and that your fair country is spared the horrors of war. May the sons and daughters of the New World never stoop to sacrifice on the altars of Gold, Reason, and Pleasure. Let them aspire to higher ideals and give freely of their blood and gold to God's campaign in far-distant pagan lands. This is my prayer, for now the whole mission world is looking to America for the men and the means that are to work its salvation.

Notice the expiration date on your Field Afar Envelope.

FR. COTHONAY'S LATEST LETTER.

THE interesting photograph which we reproduce on this page, was sent to us by Fr. Cothonay, Prefect-Apostolic in Tongking, who writes:

I enclose the photo of a picture representing Monsignor Gregorio Lopez, O.P., the only native Chinese bishop. He lived in the eighteenth century. The photo came to me from Bishop Aguirre, of Fuchow, China, who writes that the original was until recently preserved in the drawing-room of the house in which Bishop Lopez was born. It was, however, held in such veneration that, to prevent superstition, Bishop Aguirre removed it to his own residence.



A CHINESE BISHOP OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

(The only Chinese ever elevated to the episcopate.)

I have no great news to give you of this poor prefecture. I remember, when you were in Hawthorne, your writing in *THE FIELD AFAR* that you were working hard underground and that you had just time, when called, to emerge a second and say: *Present*. It is the same with us. We are laying the foundations; our works are small and insignificant. Our seminary gives us satisfaction so far. It has twenty-seven pupils now. But results seem distant; we labor for the future. You have had your first priest ordained. I do not expect such a satisfaction myself, but that is of small consequence. We have had many trials. Last month a terrible fire swept away a

good part of one town, destroying the huts of all our Christians. In the mountains pirates are more active than ever. A place called *Ta-Lung*, near the Chinese frontier, where one of our missionaries had just begun a foundation, was recently attacked by a band of Chinese pirates, who threw bombs and fired at it for two hours. The outlaws were finally repulsed and one of them was caught and sentenced to be shot. The missionary asked him if he wished to become a Christian, save his soul and be happy forever. He said yes, and half an hour was conceded to instruct this good thief and prepare him for his baptism. He died bravely.

* *

Published Recently.

DR. WIEGER'S comprehensive work on *Chinese Characters*, has just been translated into English by Fr. Davrout, S.J., of the mission of Tientsin. It is an interesting study of the history and signification of the characters used in the Chinese language and will be especially welcomed by English-speaking students of Chinese. Our future missionaries have already begun to devour this book.

How I Became a Catholic is the story of a conversion, told in a simple, straightforward way by one who is burning with the desire to share with others the treasure of faith which she has received. It is published in pamphlet form by the *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Ind.

A copy of *Hermeneutics or Rules for Interpreting the Vulgate, according to the Mind of St. Francis de Sales* has come to us from the author, Rev. J. J. Isenring, O.S.F.S. The subject is treated in a scholarly manner and the little volume will no doubt find favor with students of the Sacred Scriptures. It is published by the *Echo*, Childs, Cecil Co., Maryland.

O, sing to my weary heart once more
The sweet old lays we sang of yore.

This is the cover phrase that introduces us to some Irish and other melodies edited by the Rev. Frederick M. Lynk, S.V.D., and

Spiritual Advantages of Associate Membership, Perpetual or Yearly, for the Living or the Dead.

From our Seminary:

Two hundred Masses a year.

A share in the daily prayers, Communions,* and labors of all engaged in this work.

Communions and rosaries every Friday from our two communities.

From our Benefactors:

Some thousands of Communions offered monthly and of rosaries offered weekly in America and Europe for our Seminary and its benefactors.

From Missioners in the Field:

Two hundred Masses yearly. Frequent Communions and prayers of their faithful flocks.

*Over 15,000 Communions are offered yearly.

Address:

Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary,
Maryknoll :: Ossining N. Y.

published by the Mission Press, of Techny, Ill. Price fifteen cents.

From the same Press and under the same cover we have received the *Life of Father Richard Henle, S.V.D.*, and *The Lord's Prayer*. The price of each is forty cents.

Three small pamphlets have also come to us from the Society of the Divine Word, at Techny—*Twelve Communion Devotions* (price 75 cents a dozen), *Little Month of the Sacred Heart* (55 cents a dozen), and *Eucharistic Novena* (40 cents for 25). We recommend especially the first-mentioned, which contains devotions for twelve Holy Communions, offered in honor of the twelve Apostles for the success of the various heathen missions.

We are looking for one hundred boys who will find among their acquaintances ten subscribers each to *THE FIELD AFAR*. This will give us one thousand more friends. Will you not be one of these boy missioners? If so, send a post-card as soon as possible to the Very Rev. Superior, Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary, Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., N. Y.

The Imp.

MIHLI had made up her mind she would not like the European Sisters who had opened a dispensary opposite her home in the village of Patibanda, and she got to the point where she would stand and stare unlovingly at the little, white-faced woman with the strange head-dress, who passed every morning before her door.



"She would stare unlovingly at the little, white-faced woman with the strange head-dress, who passed every morning before her door."

The instinctive dislike developed quickly into real hatred, for the influence of these strangers was soon felt in the neighborhood and her father blamed them for the slackening of his trade. He was a snake-charmer, juggler, soothsayer and medicine-man, a hitherto unquestioned power in a district where Satan was king. In times of distress, before the sowings and harvestings or ventures of any kind, in case of sickness or even from a de-

sire of amusement, *Kadavil* was consulted and paid well for his trouble. Already he had a little fortune hidden away, and, miser that he was, when he saw the sick pass him by for the Sisters' dispensary, his fury grew daily, till he would sit outside, with his snakes coiled about him, and hurl imprecations and the curse of the great Brahm on them and on the nuns who were quietly and prayerfully trying to gain souls by ministering to the physical needs of these poor pagans.

The little *Mihli* was not idle. She did not want to lose the few *annas* that her father had promised her for a new scarf for the next festival, and she resolved that she would ruin those Sisters at any cost.

The famine was already at hand and the plague was beginning to claim its victims. Day and night found the Sisters toiling for the sick in their homes and in the tiny hospital with its meagre equipment.

One night a hurried summons to a distant hut came. Mother Philomena and her companion did not hesitate—was it not a question of a soul?—but started off into the darkness, led by a little figure they could not recognize. For an hour they trudged on, footsore and fatigued, praying ceaselessly that they might not be too late. Suddenly the small form turned, and with a curse and a wild, mocking laugh fled, leaving them alone, bewildered, and frightened by the cries of wild beasts and chattering monkeys.

They were really not far from home, for *Mihli, the Imp*, had brought them over and over the same ground by paths the Sisters

did not know. She felt sure that death from a serpent's fangs would take the nuns before dawn, but, poor little pagan, she had not reckoned with guardian angels and God's dear saints, and the morning light saw the two wanderers unharmed.

They were not long in finding the way home, but Sr. Juliana, already in a weakened state, succumbed at once to the fearful experience, and Mother Philomena, obliged to nurse her, could not answer the calls that came for help. The days were trying ones, and as if the Imp had not done harm enough, she spread the report far and wide that the Sisters were hiding from the plague. So once again the stream of sufferers sought relief from *Kadavil's* magic.

Mihli was jubilant, but not for long. When at last the white-robed nuns were at work, *Kadavil* was deserted and the gentle women were besieged from every quarter.

Yet the Imp would not be outdone. Feigning interest in the Sisters, she got from her father's store a generous measure of rice—a welcome gift in those days of dire distress—and into this she put some noxious seed. Smilingly she brought the mixture to the nuns, who, denying themselves all, gladly accepted it for their little ones, sick and almost starving. *Mihli* had planned well! The poison, though not a deadly one, caused so severe a sickness that many, already weakened from other causes, died. The Sisters alone were not ill and the Imp's wicked little tongue published the news on all sides, as she rejoiced that she might thus discredit

these strangers who were her enemies.

There followed days of bitterness and vain efforts for the Sisters, but they passed in time, leaving Mother Philomena wiser though sadder. She gave strict orders that *Mihli*, whom they had allowed to come and go in the hope of winning her, should not be admitted on any account. So a year went by without further trouble, and the child and her father, who had moved to happier hunting-grounds, were forgotten.

But *Mihli* had not forgotten the Sisters!

In one corner of *Kadavil's* hut were kept his pet snakes, and among them was a cobra, black, loathsome, and deadly-looking, despite the fact that its poisoned fangs had been removed. This was *Kadavil's* favorite and *Mihli* loved it, too. Every day it was fed on milk, and when the fêtes were on, *Kadavil* would sit by the roadside, playing a pipe, while the great creature, with hood outspread, would raise itself on its tail and sway back and forth to the weird music of the master. This was the Imp's chosen weapon for her last battle with the Sisters, and placing the serpent in its big basket, she set out for the convent, dragging the heavy load after her. How she got there, she never knew, unless the powers of darkness aided her.

She arrived at the dispensary in the late afternoon and took her place among those waiting for treatment. Nobody paid any attention to her dirty, grubby little self as she moved along, and the Sister, a new one, saw nothing strange in her request to go to the convent to Mother Philomena.

Noiselessly she made her way to the room where the Mother was at work with two of her Sisters. Then stealthily she let loose her treasure, which immediately rose on its tail, with spread hood, and swayed back and forth like a great flower, ready to spring.

Suddenly conscious of something, the Sisters turned and stood horror-stricken and immovable at the awful scene. The sight of the pale, frightened faces filled *Mihli* with so intense a joy that she shrieked wildly. There was a flash—and a crash. The serpent, distracted by the Imp's cry, had turned, struck her to the ground, and glided out to its native haunts.

When *Mihli* awoke to the world several days later, it was to find herself, for the first time in her life, clean, with her black locks smoothly drawn back, and lying

on a cool, fresh bed. She was very comfortable. She thought she must be a princess now and that Brahm had rewarded her for chasing out the Sisters. Then, too weary to bother further, she fell asleep.

The next awakening was a real one. Mother Philomena was bending over her with a dish of food and smiling as if *Mihli* were her own dear child. Too weak to resist, for the fall had injured her badly, the child submitted, her dark eyes flashing hatred only for a moment.

This was the beginning of a long illness and a painful one, which left the poor little body crippled, but brought light to the soul. It was as if the past had never been, so tenderly was she cared for, and *Mihli* responded as quickly to the gentle influences about her as she had to her longing for revenge.



"Day and night found the Sisters toiling for the sick in the tiny hospital with its meagre equipment."

(Photo sent by Fr. Merkes.)

Disowned by her father, at her own petition *Mihli* was received into the orphanage, and later Mother Philomena was amply repaid by the faithful, intelligent, and devoted service of the child who had thrice threatened the very life of their early foundation.

Maryknoll, August, 1915.

Send for a mite box and let the family gather gradually for each of its departed, a Perpetual Memorial Associate Membership.

A NEW YORK prelate who has visited Maryknoll more than once and befriended us in various ways, sends us an offering of fifty dollars, with the accompanying lines:

Next year I wish you to notify me when my time is due, and I will repeat the dose. I think that every priest should do something to perpetuate his priesthood, and I do not know of any better way to do this than by helping you in your magnificent work. The more I see of Maryknoll and realize what it means for the salvation of souls, the more I regret that I am not blessed with a good-sized bank-roll to push things along. You know my heartfelt sympathy and you know, I hope, that I shall always count it a privilege to help you in any way I can.

* *

Blessed Theophane.

(Teresa's Answer.)

[The Mill Hill student who wrote a few months ago some verses on the Little Flower of Jesus, has sent us a companion-poem, embodying the spirit of devotion cherished by Sister Teresa for the young martyr of Tong-king.]

To what compare thee, hero mine?

So sweet thou art and yet so strong;
Of virtues in that heart of thine

The meekest and the manliest throng.

To what compare thee, martyr blest?

To Agnes when she shed her blood,
Or to Sebastian's warrior breast,
When he before the tyrant stood?

A martyr! O to have helped by prayer

Thy manly soul an end to face,
Which only love for God could bear!

A martyr! O the priceless grace!

Do, brother, lend thy sister now
One raylet from thy ruddy brow.

L.

Summer on the Knoll.



WE had a little celebration just before the students left for home. The occasion was our Foundation Day Anniversary, and it is well for you to know that we are now four years old.

Four years—it is not a long stretch and our voice is still piping, but we are thankful to be alive, even if we do belong to this barbarous age. We are also glad to say that we are gaining daily in weight and stature.

A few friends dropped in to see us on our anniversary, among them our reverend professors for 1914-15, our former hosts from Hawthorne, a priest from New York, and the chaplain of Chirp-Chirp-by-the-Hudson, whose parishioners are all men. The 'tin can' was in disgrace, but the Fathers all took the hill gracefully on shank's mare and Brother Hennery's discarded roosters made a good showing at the table. The day, therefore, was a success.

That was our fourth anniversary. On the other Fourth, the anniversary of our country's independence, we did not hear a single fire-cracker explode—we say this to impress our readers with the quiet atmosphere of the Knoll. Nothing went off during the day except Andrew, Brother Hennery's faithful and imperturbable Dutch assistant, who is now seeking fame and fortune in new fields.

Ossining is a pleasant motor-trip from New York and scarcely a day passes without the impress of either an automobile or a Ford on the cinder-covered roads of Maryknoll. We were not taken by surprise, therefore, when re-

cently our much-interested friend, Monsignor Dunn, arrived with a fellow-priest and the office force of the Propagation of the Faith.

They came to spend a few hours in the country and to get some fresh air, as well as new inspiration for their work. They were all welcome, except at the hen-yard. The red-headed piglets they pronounced 'the cutest ever,' and the new pig-pen was 'lovely.' When they visit us next year, we hope to set before them some unfeathered roosters directly descended from the lately diminished stock.

Our 'tin can' came up from the junk-heap, but was thrown back again in an attempt to help the Allies. We had been entertaining two French priests, sturdy patriots both, who were leaving for France and had spent a quiet 'night before' at Maryknoll. The 'tin can' was oiled up so that we could get our friends to Harmon, a few miles above us—where all the great express trains stop—and we accomplished our purpose, but only after ditching the 'can' and almost spilling a future soldier-priest with his companion.

At the present writing the 'can' boils twice a day but never goes out at night, because its lamps are 'on the blink.' If we were vain, we would purchase new lights and never let it leave the premises in the daytime.

Brother Hennery deserves a special mention this month. He chose to remain at the Knoll and to act as head-farmer as well as expert poultryman. His industry is so inspiring that, following his lead, even the man 'who pays the bills' finds himself occasionally patting a row of corn with the sharp end of a hoe. Such is the power of example.

But Brother Hennery's heart continues hard. He has designs now on the life of Mrs. Pig,

Johnny Bull, two harmless, unsuspecting lambs—dears the Tere-sians call them—a growing calf, and an unprofitable cow who likes her own milk too well to part with it.

At the new *Pig Rest* eight red 'porkettes' are romping, full of health and appetite. They have been weaned from their mother, who is resting up in a special compartment, so as to gain some flesh before she is called to our reward for her labors.

After all, man is the king of creation. If he realized this as well as he practices it, he would forget his duties less frequently.

The *Maryknoll Offices* are up to the ridge-pole, but at the present writing no one has offered to pay the bills and name the building. It looks, therefore, as if we should have to get busy and hold up our best friends—those especially who read *THE FIELD AFAR* from cover to cover and then pass it on to some other victim. So if you can spare a solitary dollar from your more or less scanty supply, slip it into an envelope—if it is a bill—and send it along under a two-cent stamp. (St. Anthony is one of our friends.) On receiving it, we will square up for a barrel of cement or a load of sand, just as you please.

Our neighbors—the nearest one is separated from us by the goodly portion of a half-mile—are curious to know what we are building down by the road and some of them think it is a church. But if we explained what it is and what it will be, they would in most cases be no wiser.

The new building, it may be recalled, will for the present serve several purposes. It will contain a small printing-plant in the basement, *THE FIELD AFAR* offices on the first floor, a class-room and recreation-hall for the juniors, with an infirmary and a Director's room, on the second floor, and a

chapel and a dormitory on the third floor.

We are making this building fire-proof, because we have next to no fire protection up here on "Sunset Hill," which is just above the Ossining water-tower. It has been constructed from stone gathered on our grounds and it looks as if it had grown up out of the soil. May the moss of centuries cover it! You will like



THE FIELDS FROM ST. TERESA'S.

it when you see it, because it is simple and rugged, expressive of the spirit with which every aspirant for the foreign missions should be imbued.

Less than fifty cents a week covering a period of two years will make you one of our Perpetual Associates.

STIRRING words are these and they come from a missionary of wide experience in the Far East, Fr. Ferrand, who is at present in charge of an important work in Korea:

America is certainly destined, according to God's plans, to replace old Europe as champion of the faith in the world, and it is by its Foreign Mission Seminary that it will accomplish this task.

Founding the Burses.

[A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.]

COMPLETED BURSES.

The Cardinal Farley Burse	\$5,000.
The Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
The Boland Memorial Burse	6,000.
The Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.
*The St. Willibrord Burse	5,000.
The Providence Diocese Burse	5,002.
The Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000.
The Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse	5,000.

PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

Towards Cheverus Centennial School Burse	*\$3,110.50
Towards St. Teresa Burse	†2,026.50
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	†1,914.43
Towards St. Joseph Burse	1,732.75
Towards All Souls Burse	1,616.79
Towards The A. M. D. G. Memorial Burse	1,503.00
Towards Father B. Burse	*1,055.00
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse	1,005.01
Towards St. Patrick Burse	989.25
Towards Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse (for The Vénard)	975.00
Towards Little Flower of Jesus Burse (for The Vénard)	865.45
Towards Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	520.50
Towards Holy Ghost Burse	456.54
Towards St. Stephen Burse	343.00
Towards St. Columba Burse	304.50
Towards St. Anthony Burse	268.13
Towards Unnamed Memorial Burse	255.71
Towards Pius X. Burse	253.60
Towards The Susan Emery Memorial Burse	200.00
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse	166.21
Towards St. Lawrence Burse	162.00
Towards St. John the Baptist Burse	120.00
Towards St. Boniface Burse	108.00
Towards St. Francis of Assisi Burse	80.75
Towards All Saints Burse	71.90
Towards St. Rita Burse	31.00
Towards Most Precious Blood Burse	25.00
Towards St. Dominic Burse	21.75
Towards St. Paul Burse	3.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

Special Funds.

Towards Foreign Mission Educational Fund	\$700.00
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*On hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

The July Count.

ON a July day when the count was very low, a check for twenty-five dollars suddenly appeared. It came from the author of *A Short Catechism of Church History*, a book advertised habitually on our last page.

Monsignor Oechtering devotes to foreign missions the entire profit arising from the sale of this book. There is a steady demand for the valuable little reference work, now in its fifteenth edition, and we are pleased to remark the number of orders received from our readers, including directors of schools and academies.

* *

The Sea-Serpent's Grave.

THE sea-serpent's grave idea affected several of our readers, and in consequence some eager Italian laborers are happily at work. Here are a few of the responses:

I am sending you three-quarters of my weekly salary, to pay a week's wages for one 'Eyetalian.' But should there be a "dear harp of my country" hanging over the "grave of the sea-serpent," don't give the work to the 'dago.' Who, may I ask, can force the "serpent" to the sea faster than a son of St. Patrick, or who is quicker to see one when filled with the proper spirit?

I did not fail to notice that dirty hint referring to the cost of digging the sewer. Once I helped you with a mite, when you were buying land by the foot, and now when you want to throw it away by the handful, or rather shovelful, I'll also aid you—but not much, I'm sorry to say. If I might be so assertive, I'd ask you to use my 'wages' for a day. The little bit extra might secure a patch for poor Dinny Dunny's torn traveling-suit.

Here is my one and only dividend check for \$6.25. Its purpose is to buy one Italian for 34/7 days or 34/7 Italians for one day, to dig the sea-serpent's grave—or it may be used for anything else you need.

I was going to invest it in a cherry-colored coat when along came that nagging little FIELD AFAR in the next mail. The pointed phrase—"Oh, if you were rich!"—touched my purse and I won't "worry" about not being rich.



STORIES FROM THE FIELD AFAR

Fifteen Short Stories that breathe the Foreign Mission Spirit.

160 Pages, with 17 Illustrations. Price Sixty Cents, postpaid.

Address: THE FIELD AFAR : Ossining, New York

For the Field Afar Building.

A NEWSPAPER woman in California, sending us an offering for our new FIELD AFAR Building, writes:

What glorious men—a little less than angels—are our missionary priests! I do not see how any one, be he Catholic or non-Catholic, can read the extracts from their letters in the missionary papers and not be thrilled with admiration, wonder, and thanksgiving to God, "Who has given such power to men."

So THE FIELD AFAR is to have a new home! Well, I know, from over thirty years' experience, that the last place in a newspaper office which the editor thinks of equipping—and then not suitably—is the proof-room or "house of correction." Therefore I am sure that the enclosed dollar will have time to grow considerably before you will need to use it for an ideal proof-reader's desk (they do not exist, it is said, neither the one nor the other).

Now I am a hopeless day-dreamer—a night-worker has no help for it—and one of my day-dreams is that when my Mary is a Teresian and the efficiency man of "the great newspaper of the great Southwest" has sent forth the edict to eliminate my name from the pay-roll, I will apply for a position at Maryknoll! But don't be alarmed. Mary is only nine years old and by that time I may be too blind to read even the good type of THE FIELD AFAR.

* *

Cultivating the Spirit.

I don't much enjoy seeing where the name of the great Saint of Assisi is placed on the burse list. This is not as it should be. I am going to call it to the attention of some of our tertiaries and see if the Franciscans cannot do better for the foreign missions.

I am sending one dollar for the St. Francis Burse and one also for that of the Little Flower, who will, I trust, prove a happy choice and provide well for the noble youths of *The Vénard*. I have sold three land-slips and will try to sell more.

I have enjoyed asking my friends for pennies to help fill this land-slip and I would like to do more for the foreign missions. So I will ask you to send

me six land-slips. I am going to give some of them to children, to get them working for charity instead of running to the candy store with their pennies. From the letters in THE FIELD AFAR it seems that children are glad to help, once they are interested. So I will do what I can.

I enjoy THE FIELD AFAR very much and I always pass it on for others to read.

* *

Willie and the F. A.

SOME years ago we published the photograph of a little Chinese boy—one of Fr. Fraser's *hopefuls*—whom we called *Jimmy John*. We asked for a student aid offering in his behalf and fully a dozen people responded. It was an unusual experience and we recalled it lately, when in answer to the letter of an orphan boy in Troy, N. Y., we had several offers to pay for his subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.

The boy, who had regretfully asked us to take his name off our list, was surprised to find his letter in THE FIELD AFAR, and so pleased to learn that several of our readers were interested, that he wrote as follows:

Your notice telling of the kind friends who have paid for THE FIELD AFAR for me has been received. It was very kind of them. I do not know their address, so can't write. Will you please thank them for me and tell them that we all think them very kind. I hope God will bless them for it, and I shall pray for them. Some people are so good. I'll try to do some kind acts when I grow up.

Willie's subscription is now paid to 1924. Perhaps he will then be at Maryknoll.

Remember This Cause—

in your Will.

Our legal title:

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

Drumming.



O a nameless benefactor, a brother-priest in Brooklyn, we owe thanks for a generous stipend and we assure him of co-operation.

Somebody has sent us some books and slides on medicine and we cannot discover who it is.

In answer to those who wish to know if we accept Mass intentions here at Maryknoll, we say: *Yes, most gladly, if your own priests are supplied.*

We are six priests and expect at least another soon. So far we have not lacked *intentions*, thanks to kind friends, especially among the clergy. We have also been instrumental in adding to the meagre supply of several missionaries during the past three years.

There were ten of them in a registered envelope—crisp, clean five-dollar bills. They 'looked good' and they *were* good.

We did not fondle them, because we enjoy paying out quite as much as we do taking in, so long as some return for the expenditure is assured. But they came on a hot day after a dry spell, and they made us feel thankful to God, Who provides best when we are most sorely in need.

If you can get twenty offerings of five cents each towards the education of a student, send for a Burse-Card, letting us know your preference. (See the list on page 124.)

A French-speaking priest of the Manchester diocese, a faithful friend of the work from its beginning, writes:

I am sending you another mite towards the *St. John the Baptist Burse*. I wonder if it is because I am so poor that I have so great a desire to see it grow faster. I do not yet see on the horizon the young French American whom I want to send you, but at the slow and painful rate at which this burse is progressing, it seems to me that I shall have time to find him before it is completed.

We have more than one good friend at the Golden Gate, from which we hope one of these days to be sailing for the Far East, and among them is Fr. Bradley, C.S.P., on whom the following letter gives us a special light:

It is not Fr. Bradley's fault if every member of our congregation does not subscribe for your paper and also have a mite box. He wrote an article in the Church Calendar and, besides, preached one night on your noble work.

Some time ago I read a letter in *THE FIELD AFAR* about a Lucy Woo, who was attending a convent school. Although I am a New Yorker, I want you to know that San Francisco is very much alive when it comes to the work among the Chinese. I have a Chinese goddaughter, aged ten, who is with the Dominican Sisters, another, aged seven, with the Presentation Sisters, and a Chinese godson, who is with the Brothers, and hopes to go through for the priesthood.

Although Fr. Bradley has been in Chinatown only about two years and a half, he has the largest night school here. There are nine Protestant missions—and most of them have been established for fifty years—yet our school almost doubles theirs. Last fall Fr. Bradley had twenty-one Chinese men confirmed and he now has a class of twenty-five ready for First Communion, with fifteen more prepared for baptism. He has school every night and catechism twice a week. I have been associated with the work from the beginning.



T H E D R U M M E R S .

Have you remarked that the land-sale which you patronized possibly three years ago—or perhaps you have not patronized it yet at all—is still in progress?

We expect to keep it going until the last foot is disposed of, and the cost to our friends will be always the same—one cent a square foot. New subscribers will thus have a chance to share in the purchase of our site, which we are honored to feel is being paid for by the little from the many.

Notice on page 128 what has already been accomplished by thoughtful and responsive readers. Our problem was to pay for 4,450,000 feet of land at one cent a square foot, and we are already over the hill and on the down grade, with 2,289,864 feet cancelled and only 2,160,136 feet left for distribution.

Only 2,160,136? Well, we admit that it looks large but every dollar takes off 100 and every ten dollars, 1000 of those feet. And there are many good people in our country whom you can help us to find and who will be thankful for the opportunity to share in the start of this work for God and souls.

"Send a few seals, please." Our teeth chattered as we read this request somewhat hurriedly, but we warmed up when we realized that our sealing stamps were in demand.

It does not take some people long to respond to a suggestion. Soon after we printed in *THE FIELD AFAR* a reproduction of our new stamp, a Boston friend wrote:

The idea of the stamps with which to seal our letters appeals to me strongly and I enclose twelve cents for a dozen as a trial order. This will doubtless be multiplied many times over, as I am a frequent letter-writer.

These stamps sell for a cent apiece or ten cents a dozen.

Use our stamps to seal your envelopes.

APOSTLES' AID.

FROM the Dominican Sisters of Dayton, Ohio, we have received a generous offering of spiritual aid.

More missionaries have promised Masses for our Society and its benefactors. They are:

AFRICA—

Fr. Dunne, Fr. Kruyer—Soroti; Fr. Toner, Namilyango; Fr. Willemen, Nagongera.

CHINA—

Fr. Doutreligne, Hin-y-fou.

INDIA—

Fr. Theodule, Lahore; Fr. Bastide, Wandivash.

JAPAN—

Bishop Combaz, Nagasaki; Fr. Rous-sel, Tokyo; Fr. Calixte Gélinas, Asahigawa; Fr. Veillon, Hisakajima; Fr. Bulteau, Kumamoto, (2); Fr. Raoult, Hitoyoshi.

MALESIA—

Fr. Duxneuner, Br. No. Borneo, (12); Fr. Keizer, Borneo.

OCEANIA—

Bishop Bertreux, Solomon Islands; Bishop Chanrion, New Caledonia; Bishop Douceré, New Hebrides; Bishop Vidal, Fiji; Fr. Guinard, Fiji; Fr. Bellwald, Samoa; Fr. Jourda, New Caledonia; Fr. Rougé, New Hebrides; Fr. van Goethem, Papua; Fr. Clénet, New Hebrides.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—

Bishop Foley, Tuguegarao; Fr. Lawrence Rogan, Iloilo, (2); Fr. Meuken, Kantilan; Fr. v. Berkel, Carascal.

GIFTS IN KIND.

Stoles and cases for holy oils from Holyoke, Mass.; picture of The Little Flower from Westfield, Mass.; rabats and handkerchiefs from C. A. J., Md.; medical books and slides from Friend; box of tinfoil and cancelled stamps from E. O'K., Bridgeport, Conn.; box of tinfoil from Mrs. R. M., Providence, R. I.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

STATE	OFFERINGS	AMOUNT
California	7	\$26.33
Connecticut	21	69.25
District of Columbia	1	8.72
Idaho	1	3.26
Illinois	2	3.10
Iowa	1	1.00
Kansas	1	1.00
Maine	2	1.19
Maryland	2	2.00
Massachusetts	83	375.55
Michigan	2	20.50
Minnesota	2	26.00
Missouri	1	5.00
Nebraska	1	5.00
New Hampshire	6	12.00
New Jersey	7	8.73
New York	31	214.70
Ohio	3	104.00
Oklahoma	1	.50
Pennsylvania	23	78.95



Rhode Island	24	\$240.85
South Dakota	1	1.00
Vermont	2	7.60
Virginia	1	1.00
Washington	1	1.00
Wisconsin	2	9.50

OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES.

New Brunswick	2	\$5.00
Prince Edward Island	1	1.00

A new subscriber added to our lists is more welcome than the average reader realizes, because *THE FIELD AFAR* is our breadwinner. It was especially pleasant, therefore, to receive lately, within a week, two lists of sixty-five and twenty names, respectively. They came from two priests, one in Minnesota, the other in Northern New York.

The burse count is on page 124, under the heading "Founding the Burses."

Sister Catherine Buschman, of Pekin, China, has sent us some samples of embroidered and painted work which she is anxious to sell for the benefit of her mission. There are doilies, cushion-covers, panels, a table-cover, and a centrepiece, all of white taffeta silk, and those who know, have pronounced them "exquisite." The prices range from five to twelve dollars.

WE ask your prayers for the souls of:

Rev. W. H. Curley	Louis J. Dwyer
Sister Irene	Daniel W. Ahern
David Kiely	Nora Leak
Agnes McKerry	Mrs. C. Cunningham
Lizzie Mansfield	Mr. Axner
Mrs. McDonald	William Hardcastle
Joanna Mulcahy	Mary Hardcastle
Mrs. Mulcahy	Mary E. Dwyer
Mrs. E. O'Sullivan	Mrs. Martha Brady

How to Execute Your Own Will.

Our Society, incorporated under the laws of New York State, will accept gifts, large or small, in money, stocks, or bonds, agreeing to pay to the donor for life a reasonable income from the same. Persons of comparatively small means will by this arrangement probably obtain a better income than at present, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest. At the same time they will be furthering the cause of foreign missions.

We invite correspondence on this subject and will gladly send further details.

"Do not feel hurt if I say Maryknoll is poor," writes a nun down in Rhode Island.

Hurt? Why, that is just how we like to be characterized and we hope always to be poor.

A friend who was recently burned out, writes to tell us that although almost everything was lost in the fire, she saved the *mite box*. And if you are inclined to doubt that this is a true story, we can show you the \$1.40* which she had collected in it.

One of our subscribers pays regularly for two copies of *THE FIELD AFAR*, one for himself and the other to be sent "wherever it will do the most good."

This is a good way to push our work, if you can afford the extra dollar. An even better way is to get the new subscriber to pay.

"While visiting the Academy of the Sacred Heart this week, I happened to see a copy of *THE FIELD AFAR* and became interested."

So writes a new subscriber from Pennsylvania, and we quote her words to encourage other friends to leave our paper where it can be seen.

*Too late now.—*Treas.*



A POSSIBLE DELEGATION TO
MARYKNOLL FROM KOREA.
(Photo sent by Bishop Mutel.)

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Send for a land-slip.

CENACLE CONVENT NEWPORT, R. I.

PROGRAM OF RETREATS.

General—From Wednesday evening, August 11, to Sunday morning, August 15 (Assumption Day), by a Passionist Father.
General—From Monday evening, August 23, to Friday morning, August 27, by Rev. P. F. Cusick, S.J.
Week-End Retreat—From Saturday evening, September 4, to Monday evening, September 6. (To be announced later.)
Apply to Mother Superior.

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(bound in cloth).....	2.00
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Stories from The Field Afar....	.60
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Lives of Twenty-Six Martyrs of Tonkin	1.00
The Workers are Few.....	1.00
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